Regiment; I have ſeene it approved, how many times
I know not, but to make the number more, I have
Great hope in this. I will betweene the paſſages of
This project, come in with my applyance: Let us
Put it in execution; and haſten the ſucceſſe, which doubt not
Will bring forth comfort. *Floriſh. Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Scæna 1. *Enter Theſius, Perithous, Hipolita, attendants.*

Theſ. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers: Let the Temples
Burne bright with ſacred fires, and the Altars
In hallowed clouds commend their ſwelling Incenſe
To thoſe above us: Let no due be wanting,
Floriſh of Cornets.
They have a noble worke in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir they enter.

Theſ. You valiant and ſtrong harted Enemies
You royall German foes, that this day come
To blow that neareneſſe out that flames betweene ye;
Lay by your anger for an houre, and dove-like
Before the holy Altars of your helpers
(The all feard gods) bow downe your ſtubborne bodies,
Your ire is more than mortall; So your helpe be,
And as the gods regard ye, fight with Iuſtice,
I le leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wiſhes.

Per. Honour crowne the worthieſt.
Exit Theſeus, and his traine.

Pal. The glaſſe is running now that cannot finiſh
Till one of us expire: Thinke you but thus,
That were there ought in me which ſtrove to ſhow
Mine enemy in this buſineſſe, wer't one eye
Againſt another: Arme oppreſt by Arme:

I would deſtroy th'offender, Coz, I would
Though parcell of my ſelfe: Then from this gather
How I ſhould tender you.

Arc. I am in labour
To puſh your name, your auncient love, our kindred
Out of my memory; and i'th ſelfe ſame place
To ſeate ſomething I would confound: So hoyſt we
The ſayles, that muſt theſe veſſells port even where
The heavenly Lymiter pleaſes.

Pal. You ſpeake well;
Before I turne, Let me embrace thee Coſen
This I ſhall never doe agen.

Arc. One farewell.

Pal. Why let it be ſo: Farewell Coz.
Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.

Arc. Farewell Sir;
Knights, Kinſemen, Lovers, yea my Sacrifices
True worſhippers of Mars, whoſe ſpirit in you
Expells the ſeedes of feare, and th'apprehenſion
Which ſtill is farther off it; Goe with me
Before the god of our profeſſion: There
Require of him the hearts of Lyons, and
The breath of Tigers, yea the fearceneſſe too,
Yea the ſpeed alſo, to goe on, I meane:
Elſe wiſh we to be Snayles; you know my prize
Muſt be drag'd out of blood, force and great feate
Muſt put my Garland on, where ſhe ſtickes
The Queene of Flowers: our interceſſion then
Muſt be to him that makes the Campe, a Ceſtron
Brymd with the blood of men: give me your aide
And bend your ſpirits towards him. *They kneele.*
Thou mighty one, that with thy power haſt turnd
Greene Nepture into purple.
Comets prewarne, whoſe havocke in vaſte Feild
Vnearthed skulls proclaime, whoſe breath blowes downe,
The teeming Ceres foyzon, who doſt plucke
With hand armepotent from forth blew clowdes,
The maſond Turrets, that both mak'ſt, and break'ſt